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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,

AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courier.*



IN MADAME RENARD'S SHOW-ROOM.

A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY.

CHAPTER III.

IT was June and early in the month, a day so hot that Agnes and I by mutual consent gave up all idea of study. Half reclining on low garden-chairs under the inviting shade of a large plane-tree, we could only make a pretence of reading, and fell naturally into desultory remarks about nothing particular. After one of the many pauses that occurred, Agnes startled me with, "Ella, I know there is something in the wind. Somebody has been quite

rampant to-day. I hope it is not going to blow a nor'wester."

"Don't talk in that way, dear, it is not ladylike. You never hear your mother speak so."

"Oh, bother the ladylike, papa often wishes I were a boy. Ella, there is something in the wind, and serious enough to make my dear old father quite cross. I heard mamma trying to smooth him down. In her gentle voice she was bidding him consider all the bearings before he decided—urging him to do nothing rashly, and rather to let circumstances guide him than to attempt to guide them. The conversa-

tion was over a letter which came this morning. Shall I tell you what I think?"

Sparing for a moment the rose-tipped daisies which she was ruthlessly snapping off their stems in the soft short turf, she looked hard into my face.

"I think, somehow, it is about you."

"About me?"

The suggestion banished at once the languor induced by the drowsy idleness of a very hot day, my brain woke up and quickly entered a new dream-land. What was coming over my life? Two years and a half I had lived at Weston, not altogether willingly at first, but I had grown to like my home. If the idea of change, however vague, brings with it a flutter of excitement, the tremulousness of fear is mixed with it also. The young foot may be firm and elastic, but there is some faltering when it steps upon the bridge that connects the known with the unknown. I hoped, yet feared, that Agnes might be right. Once the question of sending her to school for a couple of years had been mooted, but abandoned. Was it cropping up again? Her godmother, from whom she had good expectations, had suggested it, and offered to procure me a situation which would at least be remunerative. The captain angrily sent remuneration to the bottom of the sea, and determined that his household should remain unchanged.

Something was, however, going on. Agnes suspected that it concerned me, and, by a certain wistfulness in her eye, I saw that she was persuaded of the truth of her surmise. My uncle had been out all the morning by himself, and this afternoon he had been closeted with my aunt, an unusual circumstance. Till now I supposed them to be in deliberation over an approaching agricultural council. Were they indeed discussing me and my removal from Rosewood? If so, I knew there was some fancied good in prospect. Not altogether unwilling to make the venture, I yet clung to the tender associations about me. Though our home relationship was so pleasant, it must be disturbed some day. Agnes would not always remain the half-child she was. Time would develop her heart as well as her mind. Forgetting just then what immediately concerned myself, I watched the play of her pretty features as she fell into an unaccustomed reverie, settling in my mind that hers was one of those sunny natures which cannot be dulled for long. With me it would be different. For good or for ill, mine was deep and earnest, with a strong bias towards the imaginative. That quality was in full exercise when the soft call, "Ella," taken up again in the loud sonorous tones of my uncle, came across the lawn, and my aunt beckoned me into the house.

"I told you so," said Agnes. "I hope they are not going to send me to school without you."

"If you go at all, it must I think be without me, as my school-days are over," I replied, with the dignity of my twenty-one years and a half, rising to obey the summons received.

"My dear," began my aunt with one of her sweet smiles, as I joined her where she was sitting beside her husband, "we have sent for you to—to—"

"Sit down, my lassie, your aunt has something to say to you," interrupted my uncle, getting up from his seat and tramping up and down the little room with quick, heavy steps. "I wash my hands of it altogether. No one wishes you a better berth than I do, but really I don't know where you had best sling your hammock."

My aunt held up a warning finger, and then producing a letter with a foreign postmark, asked me to read it aloud. It was from Mrs. Monckton, Agnes's godmother, and pressed the school question again, but under circumstances rather different. The establishment where she wished to place her was willing to take me also as English teacher, "so that Agnes will still have the advantage of her cousin's supervision," wrote Mrs. Monckton.

"You do not object, I see," remarked my aunt, the tell-tale colour of pleased excitement having risen into my face.

"Object! not if the arrangement is agreeable to you;" and then I became conscious that a hesitation on my aunt's part before speaking again had given rise to fear on mine. I liked the idea of seeing the world beyond the circle of Weston, and was apprehensive of difficulty springing up. After waiting a few seconds and exchanging a look with the captain I was unable to understand, my aunt spoke again. "Here is another letter which may change your feeling on the subject."

As I took the offered envelope from her hand, it seemed that her eye rested on me with anxious fondness, and my uncle, stopping in his walk, pulled himself upright before me with an ejaculation that savoured of displeasure. Evidently something more than ordinary was in question. I began to feel uneasy.

"Go to the window and read it quietly," observed my aunt. A quiet perusal I could hardly make owing to the abrupt and unfavourable comments of my uncle. Aunt Edith perpetually stopped them, but the words "prig," "French dandy," mixed with extravagant praises of British honesty, reached my ear so frequently, that I had to read the pages twice before I understood that Mr. Victor Demarcay asked Captain Worsley's permission to pay his addresses to his niece. My first feeling was surprise, my second vexation with my uncle for so persistently nursing a prejudice. One sentence in the letter I long remembered; the full meaning came out afterwards, when breathed upon by time, as invisible ink does when submitted to a scorching heat.

"I find in Miss Clare the qualities most valuable to me in a wife, and with your permission will lose no time in returning to Rosewood in order to urge my suit in person."

The business part was very explicit; Victor Demarcay had £1,000 a-year of his own, out of which he would settle £300 per annum on me, and make a further addition when he succeeded to his uncle's property. The great astounding fact was that he should have thought of me at all; that a man whose social position and antecedents led him into circles very different from ours should select for his wife a country girl without fortune or pretensions to either elegance or beauty.

"Disinterested, is he?" repeated my uncle, bluffly, taking up one of my aunt's comments; "I call that man disinterested who gives all and gets nothing in return; not the man who would take our Ella and transplant her into his own home. Why, she would make the sunshine of his life if he was a rich man, and would keep the wolf from his door if he was a poor one."

"Why should not Mr. Demarcay have a little sunshine in his home as well as you?" asked my aunt, with a soft smile, laying her delicate white hand within her husband's brown one, in order to secure

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a hearing, which was rather difficult when he was put out. "He has been four years a widower, and is still young."

"If you advocate second marriages, madam, I will never forgive you, never, though you look at me with those blue eyes till they ache; but I will take a vast deal of care of myself, and will go on living as long as I can to spite you. The Poppinjay!"

I knew the last word was meant for Mr. Demarcay, and startled my uncle by asking what he had done to offend him.

"Hey-day! and what have you done, Miss Ella, disturbing the peace of the family by bringing such an affair as this into it? What have you been saying and doing that this stranger should feel authorised to swoop down upon my household like a bird of prey, and carry off one of its members?"

"Have you not read, uncle, that as long as the world lasts there will be marrying and giving in marriage?" I said this without reference to myself, merely in the spirit of playful opposition with which I was accustomed to meet many of his statements.

"Why the girl is daft; she will actually take this Frenchman if we do not prevent her, when there are so many better lads in England," said my uncle to Aunt Edith, with a look of dismay that was comic enough to make us both laugh.

"And what qualities has he discovered in her that are not useful to us, I should like to know?" he continued. "Don't you see, wife, that it is a selfish proceeding altogether?"

"Granted, if you mean that in seeking Ella he is pleasing himself and not us; but who could expect or wish it to be otherwise? Come, my dear, we will join Agnes, who is casting wistful eyes in this direction. We will settle her fate, and leave Ella to fix her own. It is easy enough to point out the advantages offered her, but she only can determine whether she will accept them."

The proposition to join Agnes was, I knew, Aunt Edith's *ruse* to get the captain to herself until she had talked him over or persuaded him into neutrality. I saw them walk away in gentle converse, quite certain of the advice I should receive when my turn came to seek it. The present task was to understand myself. The letter left with me I read again and again. The tone was kind—I thought it too flattering, not being aware of having exhibited any qualities in particular, though I knew that Agnes had sounded my praises from the depths of her heart. Sinking my head upon my hands, I endeavoured to examine my feelings. The uppermost was gratification. Without possessing inordinate vanity, I had enough to feel the full force of the compliment paid me. Wedded life, as I saw it daily represented, was a beautiful picture. My uncle and aunt, without any pretensions to romance, were truly a happy couple, her gentle influence subduing in a proper degree the roughness of his hardy manhood. This kind of existence, transplanted into scenes of a less monotonous character, seemed the one for which I was best fitted. Not having wasted any portion of my youth in romantic dreams, nor frittered away my feelings in sentimental attachments, they were fresh and genuine, and would quickly kindle into enthusiastic regard if centred upon a worthy object. Mr. Demarcay's soft manners and melancholy eyes had already created an impression in his favour, which Agnes, in her childish admiration, had unconsciously strengthened. Had he come among us again as a stranger I should

have welcomed him with pleasure; it was not then so inexplicable as my uncle supposed, that I should be willing to receive his addresses. In my short life there had been no playing at sentiment, nor did I delude myself with a false one now. Quite real and very charming was the vision, now rising before me, of merging my own life and interests in those of another. I could not understand why Mr. Demarcay had chosen me, but as he had done so, I was determined to do my best to render his choice a wise one. The widowed home should again be filled with sunshine, if in my power to create it, and his motherless children should find a tender parent in me. The good I meant to do took such possession of my mind as to steel me against the covert reproaches and innuendoes that my uncle, in spite of his wife's repression, could not help uttering from time to time. It was his positive command that nothing should be decided that evening—that I should sleep upon it, as he expressed it, and my decision in the morning, if unbiassed by any one, he pledged himself to accept. Aunt Edith and Agnes looked at me with loving, anxious eyes, that said a great deal; and Uncle Worsley, by detached, irrelevant sentences, was continually departing from his own prescribed rule of conduct.

"Alone, lassie; go to your room alone, and shut yourself in. Neither of my women-kind shall meddle with a hornet's nest," said he, as he gave me the nightly kiss, tenderer now than ever.

It was very early next day when Aunt Edith entered my room, sent by her husband to know the result of my nocturnal deliberations.

"What is your advice, Aunt Edith?" I asked.

"I may not give any; rather tell me what is your resolve, my dear? Your uncle will decline or accept Mr. Demarcay's visit according to your wishes."

Already I had made up my mind, but I wanted a word of encouragement which might shift a portion of the responsibility upon the shoulders of another.

"Were it Agnes instead of Ella, what would you say?"

"Agnes is so young that the possibility of a wooer presenting himself for her has never entered my head, but I am fain to say that I like Mr. Demarcay."

So did I. The tall, easy figure stood in its negligent grace before me, and I seemed to read a tale, interesting and not altogether sad, in those deep earnest eyes, as they would be when they next met mine. I was not in love, but fairly on the road to being so, and found it no light task to face my uncle's undisguised disapprobation while expressing my willingness for Mr. Demarcay to receive an invitation to Rosewood. He came immediately. Long, long ago, so it seems to me, now that I am counting time more by events than years—now when human passions that sweep so fiercely over the noonday path have sighed and sobbed themselves to rest. When the haven is entered the storm-tossed voyager counts not the troubles passed, or only reviews them as beneficent waves that bore him homewards. In gathering up some of life's lessons, I find one most useful, but often overlooked: Not as we wish or will, but as we need, God gives to all equal materials for happiness—the skill to carve and shape and turn them to equal account is ours to acquire. Failure comes through pride, or ignorance, or indolence. Shrinking from exertion because painful, we sit down and fold our hands, and call that yielding to necessity, forgetting that we have each to enter

upon a battle-field where there is no victory without conflict, and that the struggle must come, either with ourselves or others.

But why moralise thus? What young heart has faith in the counsels or experience of an elder? Grey hairs do not always give wisdom. The patriarch said so, and it is true enough. It is truer still that the young do not care to read the signboards put up by other wayfarers to turn them from a path that looks inviting to the unpractised eye. They would rather venture unwarned and risk the danger than steadily prepare to meet it.

Whilst the world lasts others will do as I did; they will take the advice which best suits them, and exalt the virtues most easy to acquire. Between a sense of duty and a persevering endeavour to carry it out lies a great gulf, very difficult sometimes to traverse. Yet those who have the courage to try, though starting with a faltering step, will eventually attain a rest and peace more complete than they even contemplated. Some years ago I could not have spoken with such decision on the subject, though a germ of the happy truth was hidden somewhere in my heart, and stood me in need when sorrow came.

CHAPTER IV.

OVER this part of my history I shall not linger. Mr. Demarcey's visit, in the celerity of its results, had something of the character of Cæsar's movements. He came and conquered. The six weeks' courtship was varied by many partings and many meetings, for his stay with us rarely exceeded two days at a time, and I may add that these frequent absences served to maintain at a high pitch the excitement of my new position. There was this anomaly about it, that when he was present I seemed to miss something out of my cup of happiness which was not wanting at other times. When he was gone I found so much to think of, besides making preparations in the way of dress and purchases, that there was little time for speculative meditations. Evidently he had it much at heart to interest me in his children, who were very dear to him. Their tender age and good dispositions would, he said, make their training easy, and he was persuaded that I should fulfil well the duties I undertook. This was flattering, accompanied as was the expression of this conviction with what might almost be termed grateful glances from those expressive eyes of his, never entirely the same. Of his uncle, from casual words dropped from time to time, I stood a little in awe, but Mr. Demarcey assured me that he was a knight of the old school, and that I should find him all courtesy.

The important day arrived, making a great fête for the people of Weston. My uncle, submitting to necessity, was tolerably good-humoured, and eclipsed himself in complimentary phrases over Miss Clayton's new grey silk dress. The Miss Dormers wore black; they hoped it was no bad omen, but they never meant to relinquish their usual garb except when Araby married. They were, however, kind in their way; they wished me much happiness, brought me a present of a small *etui*, containing scissors, needles, and a thimble, and permitted their sister to act the part of bridesmaid. I had two, Araby and Agnes, the latter looking simply beautiful, and the other decidedly simple without the former adjective. The knot was tied: I recollect feeling a fear and flutter as the service went on, though my external manner was calm enough. When the new rector closed his

book and passed into the vestry there was a pause. Though just declared man and wife, Victor Demarcey and I stood apart, motionless, before the communion railings, until some one whispered, "Follow into the vestry." My husband started as I lightly laid my hand upon his arm, bowed, and led me in the direction indicated. The signatures were made in due form, Mr. Demarcey was congratulated, and I received a torrent of good wishes from friends that crowded around us. Next came the walk down the church over green leaves and flowers. This time I had not to give my hand, it was taken; and as one after another whom we passed claimed a smile, I noticed that Mr. Demarcey bent his head with almost elaborate courtesy. There was no general breakfast until after we had left. We had to catch a certain train and had a drive of two hours in prospect, it having been arranged that we were to take the railway at a town three stations farther than Weston.

My uncle seated me in the carriage after a loud volley of parting advice, ending with the truism, "No craft sails always in summer seas; look out for a few breakers sometimes."

"Which will not be dangerous," added the gentle voice of my Aunt Edith, in an encouraging tone.

"Come back to us very soon," said Agnes, pressing forward to have the last kiss. In another minute Mr. Demarcey was seated beside me, and the horses soon trotted us away from Rosewood, and out of sight of the friendly faces watching our departure from its pretty porch.

The old ties were severed and the new life had commenced. My voice it was that broke the first silence, which seemed very long. On the way to Weston, and passing through the small town, many loiterers and spectators on the road and from the windows were looking on, turning the event into a brief holiday. For want of something else to say, I entertained my husband by giving short sketches of the characters and circumstances of the principal inhabitants of some of the houses we passed, to which he listened with polite attention. When all were left behind, and when we had gone some distance beyond the chance of meeting my acquaintance, feeling I had done enough, I stopped in my narratives, and Mr. Demarcey, throwing himself back with an air of weariness, gave a real, true, unmisgivable sigh. Yielding to the first impulse, I slipped my hand into his, and was rewarded by a smile, which would have warmed my heart but that his face was overcast by an expression of sadness that pained me to the heart's core. When my fingers soon afterwards fell from his nerveless grasp, I took care not to repeat the caress, though my husband on his part was equally careful not to let the conversation flag, and entertained me so fluently with tales of Nora and Hubert, Colonel Demarcey and Lornedale, that our arrival at the station where we were to join the railway took me by surprise. Two days we were to spend in London, and then proceed to Lornedale, where Colonel Demarcey was anxiously waiting our return. Though the beginning of August is a dead season in London, I found plenty to see and plenty to do. My husband accompanied me to the principal shops where the first Mrs. Demarcey was accustomed to deal, and recommended me to procure all I thought necessary for a long residence in the country, adding that his uncle was very particular in matters concerning a lady's toilet.

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neat, would not be quite to his taste," he continued, in answer to my silent surprise, for I thought I was well-dressed, my aunt having taken pains to give me as good an outfit as the family means allowed.

"I must conduct you to a fashionable milliner and dressmaker, and afterwards you will be able to manage for yourself."

The milliner's business was soon disposed of; Victor chose me two bonnets, which I thought very expensive, and ordered them to be packed and sent to the hotel. With the dressmaker there was not so much dispatch. By good fortune the head of the establishment had not left town, and after some delay came forward at Mr. Demarcay's request. I own to feeling a tinge of awkwardness all over me, as well as astonishment, when introduced formally to Madame Renard as Mrs. Demarcay, and heard for the first time that I had come to consult her respecting some dresses that were wanted immediately.

"Dinner or morning dresses?" asked the lady, turning to me. Madame Renard must have thought me what I was—a bride from the country—for instead of answering, I looked at my husband, wondering over my hitherto undiscovered wants.

"You require two of each immediately, do you not?" he answered quickly. "You can arrange with Madame Renard for others at your leisure. I am going a little farther, and will return for you in about an hour's time. Madame Renard will, I am sure, have plenty of things to show you." Though extremely ludicrous, it is perfectly true that I felt somewhat shy at being left alone with this grand, fashionable woman, the more so as I knew that she and her assistants were taking no approving survey of my appearance.

"We will begin with the morning dresses," said Madame Renard; "a grey silk I should recommend, and one of the new fancy fabrics. Juliet, my dear, bring forward some of the last novelties we have received. It being a kind of mid-season now, our choice is more limited than usual; but I think I can suit you easily. You will not be so difficult to dress as the former Mrs. Demarcay. She was a little fairy creature, for whom every fashion had to be altered or subdued—a very charming little lady, although she had not the dignity of carriage that you have. She was a blonde, and very pretty. I think this shade would set off your complexion to the best advantage, or this, your figure would bear it. Pardon me for saying so, but few ladies have a form so perfectly moulded as yours. Made as I intend it to be, you will look remarkably well in it. Shall we say these two?"

The lady talked so fast as to leave me no room for reply, even if anything were left for me to say; but the idea of resisting or contradicting this elegant woman on her own platform never occurred to me. Where I have knowledge I can upon occasion be bold enough to have an opinion, and express it also, but ignorance here kept me dumb. There was nothing better than to acquiesce in the decision of the autocrat. Silks and gauzes were next brought forward for dinner dresses. They were a blaze of beauty, and were put down before me with such unhesitating certainty of being accepted, that I scarcely liked to bring forward my objections. They were too showy and, I feared, too expensive. Would it be losing caste to ask the price? I put the question to myself doubtfully at first, and then fell back on my common sense for the answer. I had always been accustomed

to limit my expenses to my means, the true measure between buyer and seller, and was still the same Ella. Writing Demarcay after my name should not make me less true than I was before.

"What is this a yard?" I asked boldly, touching a material that seemed plainer than the rest.

"What is this a yard, Miss Elliott, or rather what would be the price of the dress?" said the great lady, superciliously, to one of the "young ladies" who were in attendance. A pause followed, and soon I was electrified to hear that the dress, well trimmed, might be twenty-five pounds, or twenty-three pounds if made more simply. To know that a silk one would be more still, bewildered me. I turned over the specimens before me, unable to come to a decision, wishing for Victor, and wondering when he would come. Not daring to choose, and thinking I was going through a penance for which no gratified vanity in the future could compensate, I asked for others, with the same result. Madame Renard was plainly impatient, and her young people were exchanging smiles not flattering to me. In desperation I came to the conclusion, that being ordered to choose two dinner dresses, I might venture to take one at the high figure, and forego the other. Hastily fixing upon the least showy in colour, I expressed a wish to have it made simply, "and the others also," I added, remembering, with painful compunction, that I had already chosen two without knowing the price.

"They are to be sent to Lorndale as soon as finished?" said Madame Renard with a stereotyped smile.

"As soon as finished," I repeated.

"And put down to Colonel Demarcay's account, as usual, I suppose?"

Here was a fresh dilemma. How could Colonel Demarcay, whom I had never seen, be charged with the expenses of my wardrobe? My flushed cheek must have answered before I found words to reply.

"I beg your pardon; I understood Mr. Demarcay that our former relations were to be renewed. Colonel Demarcay was much displeased if he did not receive our account before the end of the year. Of course, I wish to do what is most agreeable to you."

"Send the account to my husband—to Mr. Victor Demarcay—if you please," said I, thinking that here at least there could be no mistake.

"And you will not select the second dinner dress to-day?" said she, in an insinuating tone; "it would save trouble, as all could be sent together."

"Not to-day," I answered, then passed into a small elegant cabinet adjoining, where I was invited to have my measure taken. The process, though really short, seemed long, as I was anxious to get away, and vexed moreover at being left alone to bear the attacks so difficult to repel—an unreasonable displeasure, for what could be more essentially woman's work than the choice of the raiment that is to adorn her? It was strange, yet true, I had no natural taste for the vanities and gauds that usually form an important item of the enjoyment of a woman's life. On returning to the room where I had left Madame Renard, I found her in earnest talk with my husband, who was contemplating with his usual seriousness some silks of a rich and handsome texture.

"Perhaps you can persuade Mrs. Demarcay to take this," said Madame Renard, producing one of the number. "I am sure it will be very becoming to her. It is true, her figure would set off anything,

but we profess to improve upon symmetry, and sometimes even to paint the lily."

The attractions given me by Madame Renard were entirely new to my mind. I prided myself upon being neat and trim, but went no further. The weakness of woman was strong upon me then, for though I gave no credit to her words myself, I was inconsistent enough to rejoice that they were spoken before my husband.

"Why will you not have this dress, Ella?" he asked, seconding the dressmaker's suggestion; "do you not like it?"

"I have chosen three, and thought that would do," I faltered.

"Only one dinner dress, and that a very plain one," repeated the pertinacious lady.

"You had better take another, the colonel is so particular," observed Victor.

"And I am to send the account to you, and not to the colonel, as before?" said Madame Renard when the choice had been made.

"And why so?" asked my husband, a little sharply.

"I thought it better—what you would naturally wish," I stammered, feeling more disconcerted than I cared to show.

"To Colonel Demarcay, as usual," he replied, stiffly; and bowing to Madame Renard with marked courtesy, as if she had been one of the great ladies of the land, he gave me his arm with studious politeness.

"I have not, I think, properly explained to you that Lorndale, being my uncle's property, all the expenses of the establishment are defrayed by him," said Victor, when, clear of Madame Reynard's premises, we were driving through the park.

"But surely it is on you, and not on your uncle, that your wife must depend! You know that I have no money of my own, and I could not accept it of a stranger."

"It is to my uncle that we must all look—myself as well as my children. You cannot be the exception without dooming yourself to a poverty I was very far from contemplating for you."

He spoke calmly and looked kindly, depriving me of any excuse for showing the ill-humour I really felt. Left to myself, I could do with so little, it was therefore a great mortification to have expenses thrust upon me for which I must contract obligations to a perfect stranger. It must have been from a spirit of revolt that the following day I turned a deaf ear to my husband's recommendation to wear one of my new purchases, and travelled to Lorndale in a bonnet of Weston manufacture!

I WISH YOU SAFE TO THE BOTTOM, SIR!

A CIVIL ENGINEER'S RECOLLECTION.

Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon the perils of C.E.'s.

THAT the profession of a civil engineer is not without its perils to life and limb is a well-known fact, though what these perils are is not so generally known. That my readers may have a glimpse of the risks and dangers incidental to our ordinary work, I propose to give a short account of what happened to myself in one forenoon. I need hardly say that in foreign service the dangers are

multiplied, especially from the diseases incident to hot climates. Many a noble and promising young engineer has perished from fever or dysentery in the Indian jungles or American swamps.

In our own country a large part of the dangers run are caused by the thoughtlessness or ignorance of the navvies and other labourers. It is very remarkable how careless they are, both of their own lives and of the lives of others. To what this is due it is not easy to say.

I will give an instance of the indifference manifested by one of them at his own escape from a frightful death. In making a tunnel (especially if it is a long one) it is often necessary to sink shafts similar to very large wells, not only for ventilation, but to expedite the work. Over this shaft a hook and pulley are suspended for the purpose of getting the men and materials up and down.

One morning a working man, before beginning his labour, hung his breakfast in a handkerchief upon a nail in the framework over the shaft, so that it might be out of the way of prowlers, whether they belonged to the two- or to the four-footed race. Breakfast-time coming round, he proceeded to the pit-head and made an attempt to unhook his repast, but in doing so his foot slipped, and he was precipitated down the shaft.

Wonderful to relate, as he was falling he struck against the rope attached to the iron car, or skip, which happened at the time to be at the bottom. Instantly grasping it, he was able to check his descent and bring himself to a standstill. There he hung suspended to the rope. His comrades, who had witnessed the accident, speedily hauled him up to the surface. He was not visibly disturbed in the slightest degree by what had happened, but walking to the shaft again, with more caution than before, he succeeded in unfastening his bundle. The only remark he made was, "*I nearly lost my breakfast.*"

But to return to my own adventures of a day, in 1846, when engaged in the construction of the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton Railway, between the towns of Dudley and Stourbridge. One morning, having donned my usual flannel mining-dress, and given my instruments to the chainman and to my foreman to carry, I set out for a tunnel-shaft near Dudley. It was the same shaft as the one mentioned above, and was more than one hundred feet deep.

I got into the iron skip with my two men and the instruments. The skip was suspended over the shaft by a rope which was attached to the large drum of a steam-engine some way off.

My foreman had that morning given me notice that the miners would have completed *their* work in the tunnel by 11 a.m., and, in order that the bricklayers might lose no time in commencing the walls, I was prepared to descend shortly after that hour.

The order had been given to the engine-man to lower, and the skip had descended but a few feet when the words, "I wish you safe to the bottom, sir!" fell ominously on my ear.

"Why?" I exclaimed at once to the banksman who had charge of the shaft, and who had uttered the words just mentioned. He called out in reply, for we were then some distance down the shaft, "There is no water in the boiler, and I expect a blow-up every minute." I must explain to the uninitiated that the result of this would be our descent like lightning to the bottom, and our instant death.

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Imagine, reader, the state of our minds. It was useless to order him to pull up, for we were now halfway down, so we continued our dangerous trajet.

When we had arrived to within about twenty feet of the tunnel arch, we heard a voice below suddenly give the command, "Fire the mines!" We knew too well what it meant; the workmen had mined the rock in several places just underneath the shaft, and not knowing that we were coming down, had lighted the fuses, so that the skip was descending right on the top of the mines. On hearing the words, we shouted with all our might for those above to stop lowering, but this order was not obeyed until we were just on a level with the arch of the tunnel, hanging about twenty feet above the point of danger.

We all three, my foreman, chainman, and myself, crouched down in the skip, and, protecting our heads the best way we could with our arms, waited for the explosion. The time that elapsed seemed immense. At last it took place, and immediately stones of various sizes shot past us up the shaft for some distance, and then descended. Providentially, we were none of us struck, though the skip was hit in several places. Of course it was an anxious time for us all. My men were dreadfully alarmed, and quite pale with fear. We now gave the order, "Lower out," having been suspended, as it were, between two great perils, the faulty boiler, and the blasting of the rocks. We were indeed grateful when we landed safely below, amid smoke and dust, on the débris caused by the explosion. Candles were duly served out to us; the light from these was all we had.

I had fixed my instrument, a level, in position, when a workman found that one of the mines had not yet gone off, but that it would do so directly. He

gave the alarm, "Fire!" I snatched up my level, and placed myself sideways in line with the unfinished end of the tunnel wall, hardly two feet thick. It was the only shelter I could get. The mine went off, and the stones flew by in front of my face, though without doing any damage either to myself or to my instrument.

Coming out of my shelter, I set to work again. In almost all tunnels there are recesses made in the walls to allow the workmen to retire into when the trains are passing through. In one of these *récesses* I had placed a levelling or bench-mark, as it is sometimes called, which I referred to whenever I had to set out the work for the men. Upon going to this recess with my candle in my hand, I found that there was a piece of canvas nailed before it. This prevented me from referring to any mark, so, lifting up the canvas, I went in to look for it.

Stooping down in my search for it, I found to my horror that I was holding my candle just over the top, and within a few inches of an open barrel containing over forty pounds of gunpowder.

Providentially no spark fell from my candle, which flickered frightfully in the draughty tunnel, and I made my way out of the recess in haste, and with feelings that I shall not try to describe. This was another instance of miners' carelessness; the barrel should have been covered up and protected.

I got through my work peaceably after this, and when I had finished it, I prepared to reascend the shaft, but I was then informed that the boiler pumps had to be repaired, and that it would be three hours before we could be hauled up. This was a trial to my patience; but I could scarcely grumble when I reflected on the truly wonderful and providential escapes I had that morning experienced.

VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, K.G., G.C.B.

THE crisis in Turkish affairs, the attitude of Russia to Turkey, and the varied discussions as to the welfare and government of the subject Christian races, all concur to call to the public recollection the name and services of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Before his elevation to the peerage in 1852 his lordship was known to Europe as Sir Stratford Canning. For a long period prior to the Crimean war, and for some years after its close, he occupied the post of English ambassador at Constantinople, and was a prominent figure in the diplomatic transactions of the time. No living statesman knows Turkey and the Turkish Government as he does, or is better able to shed the light of a ripened experience upon the complicated matters connected with the Ottoman rule in Europe. Though Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has all but reached the age of eighty-nine, years have not abated his interest in public concerns, nor lessened the clearness of his intellect or the soundness of his judgment. The communications he has made to the "Times" within the last few months on Turkish affairs contained valuable suggestions well fitted to assist European statesmen in the consideration of the problems which now press for solution. It is opportune, therefore, at the present moment, to trace the outlines of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's distinguished diplomatic career.

Stratford Canning, the fourth son of Mr. Stratford Canning, uncle to the celebrated statesman, George

Canning, was born in London on the 6th January, 1788. His father, who died some months before his birth, was a member of the banking and mercantile firm of French, Burroughs, and Canning, at that time largely concerned in the Irish loans, and a strong Liberal in politics. The Canning family traces its descent from William Canning, six times Mayor of Bristol between 1360 and 1369, and the representative of that city in several successive Parliaments. John Canning, his son, was Mayor of Bristol between 1392 and 1398, and also its representative in the House of Commons. Of the three sons of John Canning, the eldest was John Canning, whose son, Thomas Canning, married the heiress of the Le Marshalls, of Foxcote, in Warwickshire, a family which had enjoyed that possession since the time of the Conquest. The elder branch of the Canning family removed upon this marriage to Foxcote, where the lineal representatives are still seated.

The second son of John Canning was Sir Thomas Canning, Lord Mayor of London in 1456, and the third was William Canning, the restorer of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, and the hero of the Rowley Poems. This ecclesiastic died in 1476, having been Mayor of Bristol and Dean of the Priory of Westbury, which he had founded. George, a younger son of Richard Canning of Foxcote, received a grant of the manor of Garvagh, in Londonderry, from James I in 1618, and proceeding to Ireland established a junior branch

of the family on that property. George Canning, a grandson of the first settler, married a daughter of Robert Stratford, Esq., of Baltinglass (aunt of the first Earl of Aldborough), by whom he had two sons, Stratford and George. The line was continued through Stratford Canning, who had three sons: George, the father of the celebrated statesman; Paul, whose son was created Baron Garvagh; and Stratford, the London merchant and banker, the father of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The descent of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in common with that of the late Viscount Canning, Governor-General of India, the son of George Canning, it thus appears, is from William Canning, the Mayor of Bristol in the reigns of Edward III and Richard II, and through the Cannings of Foxcote and Garvagh.

Here we may allude to the interesting relations that existed between George Canning the statesman, and the family of Mr. Stratford Canning. The father of George Canning, when a young man, having incurred the parental displeasure, was disinherited and dismissed on an income of £150 a-year. He took to politics and literature in London, and associated with the wits and poetasters of the town. Without other resources than his allowance, he married a Miss Costello, a young Irish lady of personal attractions, but portionless; and in the midst of pecuniary troubles in 1770, the future prime minister was born. The father died one year after the birth of his son. On his death his allowance reverted to the Garvagh family, and Mrs. Canning, left unprovided for, was compelled to have recourse to the stage as a means of support. She contracted a second and unfortunate marriage, and under the inauspicious influence of his dissipated step-father the childhood of George Canning was passed. Representations in the interest of the boy were made to his uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning the merchant, who had him removed to his own home to be educated and brought up under his care. At his uncle's house George Canning met with Burke, Fox, General Fitzpatrick, Sheridan, and other leaders of the Whig party. On the 22nd May, 1787, and before George Canning had left Eton, Mr. Stratford Canning died. This worthy gentleman lived to have the satisfaction of observing the dawn of George Canning's talents, but was not destined to witness his success in Parliament or the statesman's generous return of the kindness he had received at his hands in early life.

In addition to the care and education bestowed upon George Canning, there can be no doubt that his uncle's political connections facilitated his entrance into public life, while the high official rank to which he subsequently attained was of signal service to the young Stratford Canning, unborn at his father's death. The future diplomatist was some eighteen years the junior of his celebrated relative. When George Canning was struggling in the political arena, Stratford Canning was in the hands of tutors. When the youth went to Eton he must have been stimulated by the lingering traditions connected with his cousin's brilliant career. After leaving Eton, Stratford entered King's College, Cambridge. Scarcely, however, had he begun his studies, when events occurred which drew him to London. In March, 1807, the Duke of Portland succeeded to power, and in the Administration which he formed George Canning became foreign secretary. Stratford Canning was at once appointed by his cousin a *précis* writer in the Foreign Office, and soon afterwards his career as a

diplomatist opened. At this time the power of Napoleon was supreme. France and Russia had agreed to the treaty of Tilsit, and Napoleon's scheme was to direct the combined fleets of Europe against England. The foreign secretary, supported by the Government, determined to frustrate this policy. As a special envoy, Mr. Merry was despatched to Copenhagen, accompanied by Mr. Stratford Canning as secretary, to demand the delivery up of the Danish fleet to England. On the refusal of the Danish Government, it was forcibly seized by the English squadron and brought to Portsmouth. Mr. Stratford Canning's share in the conduct of the Danish mission was the first of his diplomatic experiences—he had not then attained his majority.

The diplomatic relations of England with Turkey were interrupted in 1807, owing to the refusal of the Porte to enter into our plans of hostility to France. An English squadron menaced Constantinople, and a war ensued with the Turks. It became necessary to negotiate terms of peace, and Mr. Adair (afterwards Sir Robert Adair) was despatched in 1808 to Turkey on a special mission: and again Mr. Stratford Canning served in the capacity of secretary. The negotiations were opposed by France and Russia, but the object of the mission was accomplished by the treaty signed in January, 1809. On Mr. Adair's appointment as permanent minister at Constantinople, Mr. Canning was made secretary to the embassy, and on Mr. Adair's recall in 1810, the young diplomatist was appointed in his place English minister at the Porte. This post he retained till 1812. It was in this year, at Kalender, a romantic little bay, called by the old Byzantines "the Bay of the Quiet Sea," on the European side, that Mr. Stratford Canning won his first diplomatic triumph by persuading the Turkish ministers, with whom he was closeted for sixteen successive hours, to consent to the treaty of Bucharest. This treaty closed the war between Russia and Turkey, which had been almost fatal to the latter Power. It, however, removed the Turkish frontier from the Dniester to the Pruth, and gave the whole of Bessarabia, with the principal mouth of the Danube, to the territory of the Czar. The immediate interest of England in promoting the peace was that it set free the Russian troops to operate against Napoleon. The Russian troops, in consequence, largely helped in the overthrow of the Grand Army.

After this service Mr. Canning returned to England, and resumed his studies at Cambridge, and in 1813 took the degree of M.A. In the following year he published anonymously a poem entitled "Buonaparte." Mr. Murray, the publisher, sent a copy to Lord Byron. "I have no guess at your author," writes his lordship in reply, "but it is a noble poem." In a subsequent note to Mr. Murray, Lord Byron says: "I do not think less highly of 'Buonaparte' for knowing the author. I was aware he was a man of talent, but I did not suspect him of possessing all the family talents in such perfection." Upwards of half a century afterwards, when honours and a peerage had rewarded a long life of diplomatic services, there appeared, under the title of "Shadows of the Past," a volume of verse by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. From the preface to the later volume we are able to account for the first comparatively juvenile production. "From boyhood," says the author, "I was sensibly alive to the fascinations of poetry, and there it was that in riper days I sought

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without an effort the needful relaxation." These later poems, which are a selection from many more, were, it appears, composed at intervals, "as a pleasant relief from serious and sometimes very responsible occupations in the public service." Some of them sprang out of the diplomatic transactions in which he was engaged, and may be regarded as a fanciful drapery to grave political events. It was so with

moment of despondency, when passions ran so high as to threaten a hostile issue." This is indeed apparent from the opening stanza :—

"Swiss ! in storm, in battle brave !
Faithful e'en beside the grave !
Say, can friendship's bond enslave ?
To be one is to be free."



From the Portrait by G. Richmond, R.A., 1862.]

Stratford de Redcliffe

"Lines to the Swiss," the first poem in the collection, written in 1814. On the abdication of Napoleon, in April of that year, the Swiss cantons, which had been constituted anew under his mediation, broke into separate parties, and much animosity prevailed amongst them. The principal allied Powers endeavoured to reconstruct the Helvetic Confederacy on the groundwork of mutual and voluntary concession. Mr. Canning, raised to the rank of minister plenipotentiary, was sent by the English Government to Basle to assist in this difficult task. "The lines in question were," says the diplomatist, "composed in a

In the following year we find Mr. Stratford Canning present at the Vienna congress, assisting in the deliberations which secured to Europe the lengthened peace after the final overthrow of Napoleon. The Vienna treaty has now lost its force. It would be curious to trace how much subsequent events have altered the territorial arrangements which the combined statesmanship of Europe, in 1815, sanctioned as a permanent settlement.

Our diplomatist was next concerned in American affairs. A peace was signed at Ghent in December, 1814, which terminated the war in which England

had been engaged with the United States. It is curious, as showing the futility of such struggles, that the objects for which the war was entered upon were entirely lost sight of; and as to territory, the countries were left by it on nearly the same footing as before. Certain differences, unadjusted at Ghent, remained still unremoved; and to effect this settlement was the object of Mr. Canning's special mission to Washington in 1820. He remained there for three years, returning in 1823. The engagements which he had made in America were, however, not ratified by the British Government.

The efforts of the Greeks to liberate themselves from the Turkish yoke had from the first excited the sympathies of Western Europe. Their cause was at length taken up by the Great Powers, and in the diplomatic transactions Mr. Stratford Canning bore an important part. In 1824 he was despatched to St. Petersburg to learn the intentions of the Czar regarding Greece; and in the following year as ambassador and plenipotentiary to the Porte, he used his influence with the reforming, imperious, and "Giaour Padishah" Mahmoud II, on behalf of the Greeks. His appeals were, however, without avail. In January, 1826, the English minister had a secret interview with the Greek leader, Mavrocordato, in an island near Hydra, and an understanding as to the terms on which peace and submission might be secured was come to. These were an entire separation of the Greeks and Turks in the revolted districts, and a recognition of the Sultan's supremacy on payment of a fixed tribute, to be collected by the Greeks themselves. Mahmoud II would not, however, treat with a people whom he looked on as his slaves. France, England, and Russia at length determined to put an end to the atrocities of a war which was a scandal to Europe. Mr. Canning returned to England in June, 1827, to be present at a conference in London; and on the 6th July a treaty of intervention was signed between the three Powers on the basis of the agreement which had been come to with the Greek insurgents in the previous year. Public feeling was now strong on behalf of the Greeks, a feeling which found an echo in the breast of the ambassador, whose personal enthusiasm on behalf of the classic land and its struggling people lay entirely in the line of his diplomatic duty. The battle of Navarin, and the proximity of a Russian army to Constantinople, humbled the Sultan into submission. A new conference was opened in London in 1829, when the Powers resolved to erect Greece into an independent State, under a Christian prince. In the deliberations and inquiries necessary to secure this result, Mr. Canning necessarily took an active share, and as a reward for his valuable services he was made a Civil Knight of the Grand Cross of the Bath. Another mission to Constantinople was required to treat with the Turkish Government, and define the future boundaries of the new kingdom. These were settled according to Sir Stratford Canning's recommendations, and confirmed by a treaty which, having been ratified by Bavaria, Prince Otho accepted and ascended the throne of Greece. The history of independent Greece, it must, however, be said, has not realised the expectations at one time entertained of the new kingdom.

Between the years 1828 and 1831 Sir Stratford Canning represented Old Sarum in the unreformed Parliament. He could scarcely have excited the discontent of his constituents, for the place, as Mr. Fox

described it in 1801, consisted of an old encampment and two or three cottages. In 1831 he represented Stockbridge. His first speech in the House was made on the 12th of May, 1828, on the question of a provision for the family of George Canning, and in reply to adverse remarks by Lord Althorp. His parliamentary career was varied by several diplomatic services. In 1831 he was again sent on a special mission to Constantinople, and in 1832 to Spain. In December, 1834, he was returned to the reformed House for King's Lynn, which he continued to represent down to January, 1842. On questions of foreign politics he was listened to with attention. Towards the close of 1841, in succession to Lord Ponsonby, he was a third time appointed ambassador to Constantinople. This post he held continuously up to 1858, alike under Liberal and Conservative ministers, and through the entire episode of the Crimean war.

Before, however, adverting to that event, and Sir Stratford Canning's share in the diplomatic discussions which preceded it, we may notice some of the services he has rendered to humanity and science.

In 1843 the Kurdish chief, Beder Khan Bey, invaded the Tiyari districts in Asiatic Turkey, massacred nearly ten thousand of their inhabitants, and carried away as slaves a large number of the women and children. This is but one of the many rehearsals of the recent Bulgarian atrocities which have disgraced Turkish rule. The release of the greater part of the captives was obtained through the humane interference of Sir Stratford Canning, who prevailed upon the Porte to send a commissioner into Kurdistan to induce Beder Khan Bey and other Kurdish chiefs to give up the slaves they had taken. Sir Stratford himself advanced a considerable sum of money towards their liberation.

Among many other instances of the ambassador's beneficial interference we may mention the case of the Armenians converted to Protestant Christianity through the efforts of American missionaries. These converts were the victims of injustice and persecution at the hands of their co-religionists of the old faith. Many suffered death, and some were cruelly tortured by the authority and in the house of the Armenian patriarch himself. Facility was given to these persecutions because the converts were not like the four great bodies of Roman Catholic, Armenian, Greek, and Copt Christians, recognised by the Porte, and were consequently without any acknowledged head through whom to communicate directly with the Government, and make known their tenets and complain of their sufferings. A remedy was found by the exertions of the British embassy, and a firman obtained from the Sultan, placing the new community on the same footing as the other churches of the empire.

When Mr. Layard was desirous of exploring the ruins of Assyria, and could find help from no public body or society in England, Sir Stratford Canning, in the autumn of 1845, intimated his readiness to incur for a limited period the expense of excavation, in the hope that should success attend the attempt means would be found to carry out the work on an adequate scale. The world knows the magnificent results which followed. Well might Mr. Layard express, as he has done, his "feeling of gratitude towards one who, whilst he has maintained so successfully the honour and interests of England by his high character and eminent abilities, has acquired for his country so many great monuments of ancient civilisation and

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art." Mr. Layard justly attributes to the liberality and public spirit of Sir Stratford the rich treasures of Assyrian antiquities now in the British Museum, and to him also he says we owe the marbles of Halicarnassus, also in the great national institution. It is interesting to read Mr. Layard's account of his receipt of the firman, which had been procured by Sir Stratford Canning, authorising him to continue the excavations and to remove the monuments to England. "I was sleeping," he says, "in the tent of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman when an Arab awoke me. He was the bearer of letters from Mosul, and I read by the light of a small camel-dung fire the document which secured to the British nation the records of Nineveh and a collection of the earliest monuments of Assyrian art."

We have referred to the part Sir Stratford Canning took in 1814 in establishing the Helvetic Confederation. In December, 1847, he again visited Switzerland to enforce the views of Lord Palmerston on the President of the Diet in respect of certain differences which had arisen between the Protestant and Roman Catholic cantons. Sir Stratford discharged this mission on his way to Constantinople after a visit to England. "It is clear," writes Lord Palmerston to him, "that you have been able to do much good and to prevent much mischief."

The ambassador continued in the East till June, 1852, when, under the belief that the differences between France and Russia respecting the Holy Places had been adjusted, he again for a season returned home. It was in 1852 that Sir Stratford Canning was created Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, taking his title from the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, restored by his ancestor, William Canning, in the fifteenth century. In 1869, we may here mention, he was made a Knight of the Garter. During his absence Prince Menschikoff had arrived at Constantinople and made further disquieting demands on the Porte. Accordingly, in February, 1853, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe received instructions to return to his post. It was on his way to the scene of his memorable diplomatic encounter with Menschikoff which preceded the Crimean war, and when steaming along the southern coast of the Morea, that he composed some stanzas of the poem entitled "Hellas" in the collection before referred to. The following lines from this effusion will bear out what we said as to his lordship's enthusiastic feeling for the ancient classic land:—

"At distance hail'd before me rise
The rugged cliffs, renown'd of yore;
A mist bedims my gladden'd eyes,
And something from my heart runs o'er.

Tones of lost glory float around;
From nature's rudest forms they stream;
The glass lies shatter'd on the ground,
But all its sparkling fragments gleam.

A soft yet thrilling charm impressed
By nature's finest touch is there;
We trace it in the mountain's crest,
We feel it in the loving air."

Other than poetic musings, however, engaged the mind of our diplomatist on his arrival at the palace of the English embassy at Therapia on the picturesque shores of the Bosphorus. The language

which Prince Menschikoff had used to the Porte before the arrival of the English minister, Lord Stratford described to Lord Clarendon as "a mixture of angry complaints and friendly assurances, accompanied with peremptory requisitions as to the Holy Places in Palestine, indications of some ulterior views, and a general tone of insistence, bordering at times on intimidation." His demands soon after took a more definite shape, and the Porte was asked to consent to a Russian Protectorate of the Greek Christians in Turkey. It required all the resources of Lord Stratford's trained mind and firm will at once to deal with the flinching Turks and to cope with the imperious Muscovite, and yet without going beyond his instructions. He was not, however, unequal to the task. A graphic account is given of these diplomatic encounters by Mr. Kinglake in his "Invasion of the Crimea," to which we refer our curious readers. Here, however, we may quote the high and deserved eulogy bestowed by that writer on the general character and qualities of the English diplomatist.

"This kinsman of Mr. Canning, the minister," says Mr. Kinglake, "had been bred from early life to the career of diplomacy, and while he was so young that he could still perhaps think in smooth Eton Alcæides more easily than in the diction of 'high contracting parties,' it was given him to negotiate a treaty which helped to bring ruin upon the enemy of his country.* How to negotiate with a perfected skill never degenerating into craft, how to form such a scheme of policy that his country might be brought to adopt it without swerving, and how to pursue this always, promoting it steadily abroad, and gradually forcing the Home Government to go all lengths in its support, this he knew; and he was, moreover, so gifted by nature, that whether men studied his despatches, or whether they listened to his spoken words, or whether they were only by-standers caught and fascinated by the grace of his presence, they could scarcely help thinking that if the English nation was to be maintained in peace or drawn into war by the will of a single mortal, there was no man who looked so worthy to fix its destiny as Sir Stratford Canning. . . . His fierce temper, being always under control, when purposes of State so required, was far from being an infirmity, and was rather a weapon of exceeding sharpness, for it was so wielded by him as to have more tendency to cause dread and surrender than to generate resistance. Then, too, every judgment which he pronounced was enfolded in words so complete as to exclude the idea that it could ever be varied, and to convey, therefore, the idea of duration. As though yielding to fate itself, the Turkish mind used to bend and fall down before him."

While Lord Stratford de Redcliffe represented this country at the Ottoman Porte, British influence was paramount, and that influence was uniformly exerted on behalf of right and justice. He firmly carried out the policy of England as the friend and protector of the subject Christian races. "The counsels he tendered to the Sultan's ministers," again to quote the words of Mr. Kinglake, "however wholesome they might be, were often very irksome to hear and very difficult to adopt. Indeed it may be questioned whether his Turkish policy could be made to consist with the principle on which the Ottoman system was based. He sought to make the Ottoman rule seem

* The treaty of Bucharest before referred to.

tolerable to Christendom by getting rid of the difference which separated the Christian subjects of the Porte from their Mahometan fellow-subjects, and placing the tributaries on a footing with their masters."

Such, indeed, was the natural consequence of the policy of the Crimean war and of resistance to Russian aggression which Lord Stratford so ardently promoted. Statesmen had then faith in the possible regeneration of Turkey. If Turkey was necessary as a permanent barrier to Russia, it must be a Turkey progressive, civilised, and reforming. The task to which the distinguished diplomatist addressed himself at the close of the Crimean war was an arduous one,—the regeneration of Ottoman rule. The Hatt-i-Humayoun of 1855 was to this end the supreme effort of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. It failed, as did all previous edicts framed for a like purpose, whether under the influence of diplomatists or of reforming Turkish statesmen.

"To set on its feet," to use the forcible words of a writer in reference to this remarkable effort, "so great and goodly a corpse as the Turkish empire required a Hercules. To put speculation in its eye, and give it a brain, to make it live, walk, perform function—this not even Lord Stratford could accomplish, nor can any man by foreign influence attain that end."

The truth is that the great vessel of the Turkish empire will not answer to the helm, however skilful and enlightened the helmsman. Reforming Turkish statesmen imbued with ideas of Western institutions, like Fuad, A'ali and Redchid Pashas, diplomatic counsel and co-operation, and the pressure of foreign Governments, have alike proved insufficient, in any degree, to modify, much less to remove, the oppression, injustice, and official corruption which for long ages have disgraced Mohammedan rule.

To this conclusion, however regretfully, Lord Stratford has come in his retirement. To him, as the representative of England, did Turkey pledge herself, and the pledge has been forfeited. When the diplomatic antagonist of the Czar Nicholas, and the foe of the aggressor whose policy led to the Crimean war, comes to proclaim that reforms in Turkey must be conducted under the supervision of the Great Powers, evidence is conclusive as to the changed signs of the times. Whatever may be the result, the Eastern question has assumed in the present day a new phase. The first consideration is no longer the maintenance of Moslem rule, but justice to the Christian populations of the Ottoman empire. Our space will not allow us lengthened reference to Lord Stratford's recent letter to the "Times," nor more than an allusion to his literary productions.

An historical play, issued in 1876, "Alfred the Great in Athelnay," is inscribed to "the ever-honoured memory of his late Royal Highness Albert the Prince Consort." Of this work only a very limited number of copies have been printed. Several of the poems in the collection published in 1866 indicate the devout character of Lord Stratford's mind; and in the little work from his pen, which has run through several editions, entitled "Why am I a Christian?" we have a succinct and valuable summary from the author's point of view of the Christian evidences. Nor could we find words more fitting with which to conclude this notice of our veteran and distinguished diplomatist than the closing words of this book: "The evidences I have enumerated satisfy my reason, and

the hopes they warrant sustain my spirit. In them I find a comfort and a strength which, in Christ's name and with God's assurance, I would fain hold fast until the end."

J. H.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

A PET SNAIL.

I WAS much pleased with a paper which appeared some time ago in the "Leisure Hour" on the *Helix Pomatia*, more especially as its object was to draw attention to a class of natural history which is often deemed to have no claims to attention except when a predatory excursion among the cabbages and cauliflowers consigns many beautiful specimens to the tender mercies of the gardener's hobnails. The paper had, however, a more personal interest, inasmuch as it called to mind an incident which occurred to me some few years since, being nothing less than the introduction of a living snail into my domestic economy; and if your readers will tolerate a hasty detail of the progress of snail-life, I shall entertain a hope that for the future my parlour pet will not be included in the category of "nasty vermin."

It happened that one afternoon, while enjoying some foreign grapes (whether from Portugal or Hamburg I do not know), I observed upon one of them a very beautiful little snail-shell, about the size of a pea, and wishing to preserve it, I deposited it upon a mantel-piece. A few days afterwards I attempted to remove it, but was surprised to find that it firmly adhered to the marble by the aid of some internal power. With care it was detached, and there remained not the slightest doubt that the little shell had an inhabitant. The circumstances connected with the arrival of the stranger, and the interest they excited, determined us to make him as welcome as possible; and with a view to his future comfort a small glass case was manufactured, consisting of two pieces of what is denominated ventilating glass, of about six inches by three, and forming an acute angle, the apex of which was secured and placed uppermost, and the base of the angle was open, resting in a glass dish supplied with a small quantity of water. The two ends were inclosed by pieces of mahogany, into which the glass fitted with grooves, and the whole assumed very much the appearance of the roof of a house. We called it "The Snail's Crystal Palace."

None but those who have had similar occupations would credit the deep interest which we all took in our "domestic novelty." Its growth was very considerable, increasing from the size of a pea to that of the ordinary English snail, and would possibly have been still greater but for its decease, of which more anon. Not only was the gradual process of shell-formation the contemplation of many an odd half-hour, but the splendour of the colours of the growing habitation was sufficient to secure the attention of any lover of Nature. Tortoise-shell and amber appeared to be the constituent materials, and which, without any apparent aid from external objects, gradually advanced, layer upon layer, till the shell acquired its adequate hardness and consistency. What, however, seemed most attractive, and which excited most our wonder, was the extraordinary but delicate processes of locomotion. When it was ascending in the inside of the case (and which it

frequently body became contrivance no unworth had a pair the head o nity in the the shell, stranger t we always acquaintan insensible by some in pally of let in forming the portion appeared species I friends be selves in frequent v progress. decease; i his domic velled, po taining a furniture down to th of his hous its tender out a tena

It may affection to creation, I refer to me An amusing an attach from India correspond anecdote o During locust on and starve and depos slight hea sugar be curious gr for, of wh Then I s and sat a while became q until the Deeming I carried and grass A few of the oc garden to the gard remained made cau the garde closely, I received, interest a Am I v tude whic

frequently did), the whole of the anatomy of the body became tolerably visible, and the mechanical contrivance for its slow but majestic motion was no unworthy subject of our closest attention. He had a pair of horns which might have added grace to the head of a Lilliputian stag, and there was a dignity in the mode in which they were protruded from the shell, which often led us to intimate to our little stranger that we were desirous of seeing him, and we always entertained the idea (I do not boast of any acquaintance with his language) that he was not insensible to certain taps on his palace, accompanied by some inviting words. His food consisted principally of lettuce leaves, and he seemed to take delight in forming the most grotesque figures in separating the portions he appropriated for his use. His activity appeared to be much greater than any other of his species I had noticed. Suffice it to say, that our friends became almost as much interested as ourselves in this new object of investigation, and very frequent were their inquiries after his health and progress. I have already alluded to his death; it was very tragic. One morning, whilst his domicile was undergoing ablution, he travelled, possibly invited by the opportunity of obtaining a better acquaintance with the articles of furniture he had contemplated but at a distance, down to the floor, and one hapless tread of the foot of his house-cleaner at once removed with a fell crash its tender inmate. The Crystal Palace has been without a tenant ever since. PHILOS-HELIX.

ANECDOTE OF A LOCUST.

It may seem strange to attribute any intelligent affection to man in animals very low in the scale of creation, but instances occur which it is not easy to refer to mere physical causes of attraction or repulsion. An amusing narrative was given by a lady who found an attached dependent in a Mantis during a voyage from India ("Leisure Hour," p. 293, 1873). Another correspondent, well known to us, sends the following anecdote of a locust.

During the inundation at Pisa, I one day found a locust on my window-sill: it was half dead with cold and starvation. I brought it in as gently as possible, and deposited it on the stove, which still retained a slight heat. I placed some lettuce leaves and some sugar before it—indeed, all that I thought this curious greenish-brown creature might have a fancy for, of whose peculiar predilections I was ignorant. Then I set a large glass bell over it and its repast, and sat silently watching its proceedings. After a while my languid guest began to revive, and became quite lively. I kept my strange companion until the sunshine of spring revived us both. Deeming it cruel to retain it a prisoner any longer, I carried it down to the garden, amongst the bushes and grass, its own natural domain, and there left it.

A few days afterwards, not having at all thought of the occurrence meanwhile, I went down to the garden to gather some flowers. Whilst speaking to the gardener a locust perched on my hand, and remained quietly with me until some movement I made caused it to fly away. Whenever I went into the garden the same thing occurred. Inspecting it closely, I recognised, by a slight wound he had received, the very locust I had tended with so much interest and care.

Am I wrong in assuming it was a feeling of gratitude which caused it to welcome my approach? Soon

after, I left Pisa; what became of the locust the following winter I know not.

L. K.

THE ROSE OF JERICO, OR HOLY ROSE.

The so-called Rose of Jericho of the old herbalists is the *Anastatica* hierochuntina*, which possesses strongly-marked hygrometrical qualities. It is not a rose at all, nor has it the smallest resemblance to a rose. It is, in fact, a little grey-leaved, white-flowered cruciferous plant (an annual), very common in Palestine, Egypt, and Barbary, nearly related to the common purple sea-rocket found on the coast of England, and having a somewhat similar habit. It produces a number of short, stiff, zigzag branches, which spread pretty equally from the top of the root, and when green and growing lie almost flat upon the ground, having the flowers and fruit on their upper side. When the seed-vessels of this plant are ripe, the branches die, and, drying up, curve inwards, so as to form a kind of ball, which then separates from the roots, and is blown about on the sands of the desert. In the cavity thus formed by the branches, the seed-vessels are carefully guarded from being so disturbed as to lose their contents. In that condition the winds carry the *Anastatica* from place to place, till at last rain falls, or it reaches a pool of water. The dry, hard branches immediately absorb the fluid, become softened, relax, and expand again into the position they occupied when alive; at the same time the seed-vessels open and the seeds fall out, when, the place being suitable, they readily germinate, and establish themselves as new plants. Again, it has been said by some that "it is a most astonishing thing that this rose, after it has been plucked, will, nevertheless, retain the power of opening and closing, exhibiting all the appearances of vegetable life for many years, although without a root from which to derive support." A remarkable instance of the rapidity with which these seeds will germinate has been recorded by a writer in a recent number of the "Gartenflora" in the following words: "Seeds of the *Anastatica hierochuntina*, sowed about five o'clock in the afternoon, had germinated by one o'clock the following day, and their rootlets had already pierced the soil. These seeds were taken from a plant purchased at the Vienna Exhibition, and twelve out of fifteen germinated in the time mentioned, in a pot covered over with a saucer, and standing in a living-room." When we remember that the *Anastatica* is an annual plant, we see here a beautiful provision for preventing the extinction of the species.

Various superstitious tales are told of this plant, among which it is said to have first bloomed on Christmas Eve, to salute the birth of the Redeemer, and paid homage to His resurrection by remaining expanded till Easter. It has, indeed, been called the Plant of the Resurrection.

The power possessed by this little plant is, no doubt, very curious; but it is no more miraculous than the twisting of the beard of the oat when it is dry, and its untwisting when moistened. It is, in fact, the same phenomenon. Similar cases there are in abundance; but perhaps the instance which is most analogous to that of the *Anastatica* is found in the Scaly Club-moss (*Lycopodium lepidophyllum*, or *involutens*), which in Peru and Mexico has been as much the subject of amazement as the *Anastatica* has in

* From *Anastasis, resurrection*.

other parts of the world. In precisely the same manner it spreads its numerous branches flat upon the ground when growing; as it dies and dries, the branches contract, and roll up into a ball; and when the parts are again softened by water, the branches spread, swell, and recover their flat position. In all these cases, the contraction and expansion will take place over and over again, under fitting circumstances.

It is a general property of vegetable matter to be hygrometrical, or, as some would more judiciously say, hygroscopical; that is, it has the power of absorbing water readily when in contact with it. When a plant is alive, this property is much increased by the powerful aid of vital forces; but it is far from being lost when the plant is dead, as is proved by the shrinking and swelling of timber, cordage, and canvas, and by a thousand other circumstances. The *Anastatica* is only another instance of it.

D. W.

ROCK DOVES.

We receive the following from a worthy minister in one of the Shetland Isles:—

I was not aware that doubts had been expressed as to the taming of rock doves till I saw an article in the "Leisure Hour." In my youth I was exceedingly fond of birds, and spent long days, and even nights, in their society among the wild cliffs where they congregated to breed. During those years I carried home and domesticated whole families of their young, and among others the rock dove. They were difficult to tame, but when I succeeded they stayed with me, and bred as regularly as the domestic fowls, but the offspring were not allowed by the parents to stay with me. For two weeks after leaving the nest the young were allowed to come in to roost with the parents. That is while they were being trained to provide for themselves, but that schooling completed, they were violently forbidden to remain near the parental home.

I took my first young one in July, and when full grown I cut its wings. During winter I took it out for a short time on dry days, watching over it and taking it back. Next spring, when it got new wings, it needed no more attention, but flew out and in at pleasure. This led me to think of a pair for breeding. I took two from the same nest, and the one being a little bigger than the other, I fancied I had a cock and hen. I brought them over the first winter with shorn wings, as the other, and next May they too were quite tame. They proved to be cocks, and my first one a hen. They soon indicated a purpose to commence family life. I provided them a shelf, where I could witness all their proceedings.

The first difficulty was which of the cocks should have the hen. This point was settled by several pitched battles, in which the largest cock won the day and gained the hen for his mate. The discomfited cock took a lonely perch, but in sight of the happy pair. They soon formed their nest, and two weeks after the eggs came the young ones made their appearance. During hatching the hen kept the nest from 4 p.m. till 11 a.m. regularly. Then the cock gave her a five hours' spell. Near the time of the young coming, and for three days after, the hen never left the nest, and was fed by the cock once or twice a day. I had the same pair for twelve years, and this practice never failed. Evidently the hen could not trust the cock with her infants. But after the third day both parents fed and caressed the young by turns. The young grew fast, and two

weeks after they came I noticed the parents busy making a new nest about a foot from the old one, but on the same shelf. Their object I could not divine, but I watched them, and the second day I found the pair of half-fledged young ones transferred to the new nest, and an egg in the old one. The young ones, although quite able, never attempted to return to the nest from which they had been removed. In two weeks more the young pair were able to fly.

Now there arose a new difficulty. Those on the wing had to be taken outside and trained to do for themselves, while a new brood demanded all their parents' care. Well, the sad, pensive cock was there to see all this, and, apparently with the consent of the parents, aroused himself and took charge of the grown-up family. They took to him, too, and not only went out and in with him and took their food from him, but shared his perch at night, although their native shelf and parents were within a yard of the perch. This went on till three batches had been brought to maturity. By this time the parents had become visibly reduced, while the foster-father was in first-rate order. He evidently saw his chance, and although he had been living the emblem of peace since his brother had vanquished him in fair fight, he now stepped over from his perch and demanded a new trial of strength. The husband called up all his remaining vigour, and gave battle. The conflict was long and not without blood, but the bachelor won the day, and the once happy husband had to quit the family shelf and betake himself to the solitary perch. The hen took no notice of the unseemly strife, and without the least sense of remorse took to her new husband as if no change had been made. The defeated cock, when the new family grew up, took charge of them as the other had done, and seemed quite content, but evidently was biding his time, for as soon as he saw the cock getting thin he waged war with him, and gave him such a merciless thrashing that he never more attempted to disturb the relations then restored, but ever after contented himself with his original duty of tending the grown-up offspring. They had either eggs or young every month except December and June. The parent birds were in perfect vigour at twelve years of age, when a hawk destroyed the hen. They daily fed with the wild flock, but came at my call, and would sit on my hand. Although considered gentle, they were extremely passionate when aroused.

L. F.

Walls, Shetland.

OH, IT WILL DO!

OR, THE LESSON OF MRS. PERCEVAL'S CAUDLES.

IT wasn't that I had any prejudice against the Caudles, or against Mrs. Perceval, who had taken them under the wing of her name. She may have been the best of women, and her Caudles the best of apples. I denied nothing to either; but I had "Gentle Davys" close at hand, and might have spent an hour in hunting for the Caudles, and I looked at the Gentle Davys, and thought "You are an excellent apple, and I have you, therefore I will use you!"

To be sure, my grandmother had said, "Kitty, no apples will do but 'Mrs. Perceval's Caudles,' unless you have 'Keswick Codlins.'" But I hadn't Keswick Codlins.

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I couldn't see why my Davys, so good looking, wouldn't do; so, pretending to listen to my grandmother, I used them, and, to my cost, spoilt the jam.

To my cost; for my grandmother visited the loss of her sugar, which was double the price in those days, very wrathfully upon me. It was vain to try and hide my fault. Large undissolved lumps of my ungrateful "Davys" (that I had preferred to my own discomfiture) stared me in the face, and betrayed me fatally at once.

I was threatened with loss of office, with loss of favour, for I had seriously offended; and though time softened down my fault with my grandmother, I never forgot it, and I owe good Mrs. Perceval and her Caudles unbounded gratitude for the lesson I learnt, by the power of which I have since been saved from many a false step, through ignorance and conceit. My grandmother predicted that I should never make a housekeeper; but she was wrong. Thanks to Mrs. Perceval, I have made a very tolerable one, and passed through the other departments of woman's vocation with, at any rate, average credit.

"When you come to my time of life you will understand how much better it is for the young to follow the advice and directions of those who know than to pretend to think for themselves," was the last clause of my granny's long lecture, and I am happy to say that I arrived at that understanding before I had silver locks and read my cookery-book with spectacles. Many a miscarriage in the most important movements of life have I witnessed through a want of that understanding; many a grave difficulty and sharp sorrow have I known to follow a contempt of sound counsel; often have I said to myself as those things passed, "Oh, Mrs. Perceval, why didn't they take your Caudles instead of their own 'Gentle Davys'? Their jam is spoilt!"

"I didn't know," and "I didn't think," are poor apologies to those who were quite aware that you "didn't know" and "wouldn't think," and therefore proffered their advice, and very poor consolation for yourselves, when you remember that knowledge and thought might have guided you if you would have accepted them.

"Smith, send this mixture immediately to Mr. Hodges, and mind that it is quite correct."

"Yes, sir," says Smith, laying down a very amusing book which he wanted to finish, and going to the counter and reading the prescription his master had left till he came to the end. "Tincture of cardomum;" when looking up on the shelf, he saw there was none; he might get some by running over to Scott's, but there was tincture of capsicum close at hand. "I should think that would do quite as well; one was hot, so was the other! Who would find it out?" So in went two drachms of tincture of capsicum, and Smith lost his situation for burning little Master Hodges' throat and putting him in fear of entire combustion, to the alarm of his family and disgust of the doctor, who quickly found out the extempore alteration made by the "I think" of his man.

"If you follow your thoughts," he very justly remarked, "instead of my orders, you will be poisoning a patient some of these days, you know. No, no! I must have somebody that will do the right thing, and not make shift with his own devices."

Poor Smith, it was rather hard, but very right,

and it is to be hoped that he got as much good from tincture of capsicum as I did from Mrs. Perceval's Caudles.

"Richard, have you served that notice on Morgan and Son?" said Lawyer Brown.

"No, father, it's not the time yet," says Richard.

"Not the time? I told you to serve it a fortnight back."

"Yes, father, but there was no good, it was too early," says Richard.

"Then you may save yourself the trouble," says the lawyer; "the house is on my hands for a year and a-half longer, and I may thank you for it!"

"Dear me! what, was it a new-style taking? I didn't know. I thought—"

"I'm getting tired of your thoughts, Richard; you must get work where you will be compelled by consequences to do your duty," says Mr. Brown, who does not now for the first time smart under his son's preference for his own opinion.

Your "original thinkers" are great trials when they occur among your servants. "Betty," says a mistress, "I don't like the smell of the larder. Of course you half cooked the mutton yesterday?"

"Well, no, ma'am," says Betty, quite serenely; "I thought it would keep without."

"But I knew it wouldn't," says the mistress. "I charged you to do it; the consequence of your neglect is that it is spoilt. Just look at it—it is past saving now!"

Betty is astonished—wouldn't have believed that the mutton would have been so ill-behaved; she didn't know that it was going to be such weather; she didn't think that a day would make all that difference!

It is hard to make the inexperienced believe in the result of years of observation; they will try their own ways, and defend their own theories stoutly, till they are forced to give way by proof that they are wrong, sometimes too late to be able to right them.

Some are so easy-going, so inert in will, that, even if they see the right thing, and mean to adopt it, they allow themselves to be cajoled out of it. I have seen ladies in shops talked over by a skilful persevering dealer in such a way as this: "I want some green braid, if you please, to match this silk," and a pattern is shown.

The dealer opens box after box, and says, "I'm afraid, ma'am, I haven't quite the colour. Don't you think a contrast would look well: mauve, now?—better, I should think, than the same colour."

The lady looks doubtful, but says "No; she wants the same colour."

"Scarlet or rose?" says the persevering dealer; "beautiful effect that! let me measure off a dozen of this rose, ma'am: too gay? Well, perhaps it would be. Here is a mixed braid of black and white—all the fashion now: that, I think, would suit you perfectly."

The lady looks—what she is—defeated; she knows, if she had vigour enough to see into herself, that she will never use the black and white substitute, but must go to other shops for the proper thing. Yet she suffers it to be measured, cut off, and delivered to her; pays for it, and walks out victimised through want of resolution.

I once went to an optician and mathematical instru-

ment maker, and asked for the model of a dissected eye, which a friend of mine wanted to illustrate his lecture on optics. The optician looked thoughtful; I suppose he saw very little indication of a philosopher or scholar in me. He said, "An eye?" and he went to several glass cases, and then returned with a small tube in his hand. "I am sorry, ma'am, I have not the thing you mean; my brother in Berwick has one, and very beautiful it is; all the mechanism of the eye is as accurately exhibited as in nature itself. But here is a charming little instrument—a geometrical kaleidoscope, which would be found very useful in a lecture on optics."

My friend the optician did not know how I had been fortified against substitutes by good Mrs. Perceval.

Even in what are called trivialities there is a right and a wrong, and the least of them is the better for being done right. How great the importance of circumspection in the serious businesses of life, in which a false step may be followed with injury irremediable, and is sure at least to bring cause for repentance!

Brambles and thistles never bring forth figs and grapes, much less should we expect to see blackberries on vines, or downy seeds on fig-trees. There is, with reverence be it spoken, no mark of "Oh, it will do!" in the vast creation around us, but order, adaptation, fitness—grave, harmonious, beautiful, truly "very good," the poorest weed finished with the same perfection that shines in the creation of man. Yes, and from the highest creature, animate and inanimate, to the lowest, each obeys the law imposed on it, and fills its own place and does its own work.

What a rebuke to our too frequent indolence and carelessness, arising from our ignorance and presumption!

The moon is appointed for seasons, and the sun knoweth his going down; the stars keep their courses, the shadows fall on the dial without error, the wild flowers bloom in their proper seasons; in short, earth, air, and sea are continually preaching wisdom to us if we would but listen to learn.

Oh that there were such a heart in us! If all would learn, and diligently endeavour to do the right thing, in the right way, and at the right time, there would be no more jam spoiled by using Gentle Davys instead of the Perceval Caudles.

The Soldier's Dream.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed, on a desolate track,
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart:—

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

—Thomas Campbell.

Varieties.

CLOCK BELL FOR THE NEW TOWN HALL, MANCHESTER.—The great bell is 7ft. 5in. across the mouth, and about the same height to the top of the canons. It will weigh about seven tons. The note is G, and we are informed that it is a wonderfully fine full note. The legend running round the sound-bow is "Ring out the false, ring in the true," in antique characters. This bell stands fourth in England for size and weight, but certainly first in tone and power. The three larger bells in this country are "Ben," of Westminster, "Peter," of York, and "Tom," of Oxford. Messrs. John Taylor and Co. are the founders, as they are also of the celebrated Worcester bells. The bell is expected shortly to be brought to Manchester and hung in the lantern of the tower.—*Manchester Guardian*.

GLASS INSULATORS.—An Englishman who insulated his bedstead by placing underneath each post a broken-off bottle, says he had not been free from rheumatic gout for fifteen years, and that he began to improve immediately after the application of the insulators. A paper quoting this wisely adds: "There's many a fellow who could cure his gout, if he would break off the bottoms of his glass bottles in time."—*American Paper*.

SLAVERY UPHOLD BY MOHAMMEDAN POWER.—The woes of Central Africa are connected with the slave-trade maintained by the Mohammedan governments of Turkey and Egypt; whilst the support accorded to these governments by the foreign policy of Great Britain makes the British nation indirectly responsible for these manifold evils. In the interests alike of human freedom and of peace and happiness for the Christian populations of the Turkish empire, Englishmen of every class should unite in desiring that the influence of Britain should cease to be exerted in defence of a government sustained by cruelty and oppression.—*The Friend*.

ARMY RATE OF MORTALITY.—The Royal Commission appointed after the Crimean War showed that our troops were dying at home, up to the date of that war, at the rate of nearly 18 per 1,000, or more than double the rate of men in civil life of the same ages. Had this continued we should now be losing by death about 2,400 men annually, or a body equal to three battalions. As it is, the death rate has now been reduced to one-half, so that at least a battalion and a half annually are saved; and, during the twenty years that have elapsed since the close of the Crimean War, a whole *corps d'armée* has been preserved to the State. In India, again, the death rate was (in the hygienic age) about 69 per 1,000, although the more violent fluctuations render it difficult to state an average with more than approximative accuracy. Now the death rate in India has been reduced below one-third, so that in round numbers 50 per 1,000 may be considered saved to the State. As we keep an army of 60,000 there, this means 3,000 men a year saved who, under other circumstances, would have died. We have thus a body of more than 5,000 men annually who are preserved from otherwise certain death by the more enlightened measures taken for their protection. In a mere money point of view this represents an annual sum of half a million sterling.—*British Medical Journal*.

GOOD REASON.—"Don't you think you have a prejudice against the prisoner?" asked a lawyer of a witness. "Very likely," was the reply; "I have caught him stealing two or three times!"

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